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The Scroll of the Law.

To the Jews were committed the oracles of God. (Rom. iii., 2.). The religious literature of the Hebrews has survived, while that of the other nations has been consigned to oblivion. The secret of the wonderful preservation of the identity of the Hebrew race belongs to God alone. However, the secret of the preservation of their book is an open one. The greatest attention and reverence are paid to the five books of Moses—the Pentateuch, commonly called by the Jews 'The Scroll of the Law.' Great care and precaution are exercised in its execution. The scribe (sofer in Hebrew) must be a strict and pious Jew, his moral integrity must be above suspicion, his religious reputation must be unspotted, and he must also be an expert penman. The Law must be written on parchment to secure durability. The character of the scribe is an assurance that the work will be conscientiously and most carefully carried out.

The writing of the scroll is regulated by oral law. This renders the task extremely difficult. First, the scroll must be written on a symmetrical plan. Each column must begin with the same letter, vav. All the scrolls in the world are constructed alike, and the accompanying is a correct representation. Secondly, the scribe before writing the word 'Jehovah,' or 'Elohim,' must always immerse himself in cold water. Consider for a moment what this must mean in the depth of a Russian winter. He must also constantly discriminate between the use of Elohim, as Jehovah, and, as it often means, an idol or a distinguished personage. Pens made from the quill of a goose must always be used in writing the scroll, since no iron was used in constructing the altar. The word Jehovah must always be written with a new pen, which must be burned. Some of these observances seem to us to be puerile, but they serve to account in a great measure for the jealous care with which the sacred writings have been preserved. A great many of them were destroyed during the late Kishineff massacre.—The 'Christian Work and Evangelist.'

(ACTUAL SIZE
Scroll of the Law in Original—The Pentateuch.

A Crown of Rejoicing.

J— was one of my Y. W. C. A. members, the only one of them I had taught in earlier years. She had attended my village class when she was a child and I was a young girl. I felt specially interested in her on that account, and took the earliest opportunity of paying her a visit in her own home. I was anxious to know her spiritual history during the twenty years which had elapsed since the village class was broken up.

How well I remember the narrow, muddy, stony lane, with the bushes and briars nearly meeting across it up which I used to ride in former days from the main road to her house at the edge of the bog. I had to drive up it now in an 'inside' pony trap, and I and the young lady I had taken for a 'balance' were as often in each other's arms as sitting properly upon our seats, as we jolted and bumped over the ruts; and the sprays of briars and wild roses swayed about in the wind and slapped us soundly in the face as we passed! At last we arrived without any dislocations at the farm, and received a hearty welcome from J——

I left my 'balance' outside to mind the pony, and soon J—— and I were alone in the parlor, deep in talk about old times and new. Presently our conversation became more personal, and I asked her a very straight question about her soul.

'Yes,' she said, 'I am converted, thank God. You see you used to talk to us, and I knew about religion and all that; but I wasn't really converted until I was a big girl, after I grew delicate.'

Then she told me all about it. She was ill for a long time after she grew up, and scarcely expected to recover. She was confined to bed and was very weak. Sometimes she wondered where she would go to if she died. Nobody spoke to her about her soul. The neighbors and her relatives thought a great deal about her sick body, and were very kind, but none of them seemed to care about her spiritual welfare.

One day her mother came home from church, pausing to inquire for her and tell her the news, laid down her 'Church Service' on a table near the bed, and forgot it was there. When she had gone away J—— reached out for the Prayer Book, and, opening it at hazard, began to read. She told me what portion of Scripture, appointed her a lesson, she happened upon, but I very stupidly have forgotten which it was. One verse arrested her attention; it spoke to her heart, and yet she could not understand it.

When her mother came back she asked her what it meant. But her mother could not explain it, and told her she must wait until some time when the clergyman came, and then she could ask him about it, and find out the meaning. But J—— felt that she never could summon up courage to speak to him. He had a cold, shy manner, and people though him unapproachable. She could not forget the verse, and was constantly puzzling over it. Then it occurred to her to pray that someone might explain it to her, and she kept on thinking and praying.

After a little while she became somewhat stronger, and her mother took her to the seaside. The next Sunday she announced her intention of going to church. Her mother remonstrated; she was too weak. But J—— had become so anxious she was determined not to lose any chance of hearing what she wanted to know, and going to church there involved no long drive, only a short walk. So to morning service she went, and earnestly she prayed that something might be said in the sermon to help her.

When evening came she said she must go to the evening service. Her mother was really vexed; but nothing would stop her. The same clergyman preached. When he stood up to preach he spoke words to this effect:

I have never been in this town or in this church before, and I expect never to be here again. Oh, that God would grant my prayer that even one soul might be blessed through my preaching to-day! I had prepared my sermon for this evening's service, but since I entered the church it has been strongly impressed upon my mind that I ought to preach again upon the same text as I took this morning, and I feel that this is the leading of the Holy Spirit, and that God intends someone in this church to-night to be blessed through this text. He then gave out the text for the second time, and preached an entirely new sermon upon it. The word was brought home to J—'s heart with power, and she entered into the rest of faith, and received the gift of eternal life.

After service she told her mother she must go to the vestry and tell the minister that her's was the one soul blessed through his preaching, and that she was converted. But her mother thought she was losing her senses, and, utterly refusing to allow her to do anythings so singular and forward, hauled her off to their lodging, and put her to bed.

'And he never knew!' J—— wailed to me, the old grievance opening anew; 'he never knew, and maybe he thought God didn't find out his name or anything about him. You see he was a stranger in those parts.'

Of course she could have discovered his name and address if she had known how to go about it, but country girls aren't smart about such things. They are used to knowing everything about everybody, and their detective faculties are undeveloped.

What a glad surprise that clergyman will have in the glory when he finds J—— is for him 'a crown of rejoicing.'—'The Life of Faith.'

Jephthah's Daughter.

The preacher rose in his pulpit to plead for God's work in the mission field. It was his favorite topic—foreign missionary effort—and his rare gifts of eloquence and pathos were seldom displayed more to advantage than when pleading with an audience to devote time, money, and talents to God's service among the heathen.

There was a rustle of expectation among the crowded audience, as the preacher rose. Two or three ladies drew out their pocket-handkerchiefs, in case their susceptible and easily-moved feelings brought on a display of tears.

Close under the pulpit sat a lovely girl, just budding into womanhood.

'Such a clever girl,' said her friends.

'A graduate, too, I hear?' asked one.

'And no wonder,' would volunteer another. 'She has had every advantage of education and social position, and no money spared on her accomplishments.'

'She will marry well,' prognosticated many.

But her father always shook his head and smiled, saying, 'I hope not; she is the very apple of my eye, and now that school duties are over, I hope to keep her many happy years at home, to be my sweet companion and my greatest joy.'

* * * *

The preacher preached his sermon. It was a very remarkable one, famous for its pleading pathos, asking for volunteers for the mission field. He addressed himself to the audience, pleading with overpowering fervor. 'I claim all for Jesus,' he cried; 'he deserves the best that you can give—the fairest flower, the richest gem, the sweetest song, the loveliest gift that man' heart ever conceived. I want your youth, fresh and fragrant, your beauty of face and form, the best powers and talents of your redeemed body and soul.'

And then he turned to the young among his hearers, and pleaded for their personal sacrifice to Christ, drawing a vivid picture of the reward which awaited those who forsook all for Christ's sake, ending with a tender appeal that touched every heart and bowed every head with tears.

The sermon was over, the benediction pronounced, and the congregation dispersed.

The preacher walked slowly home, through the darkening streets, to be greeted as he entered the threshold of his home by his beautiful young daughter. Her face was glowing with the zeal of an inspired purpose.

'My father!' she cried; 'I have heard the Lord's call to-day, and I have answered it; I am ready to go forth. "Here am I; send me."'

The preacher looked at his child like one bereft of sense, then put his hands before his eyes, as though some fearful sight had met him, and said, in a voice he could hardly command, 'What did you say, my daughter?'

'I knew you would be overjoyed, dear father,' cried the girl, mistaking his emotion. 'You who so pleaded for Jesus Christ to-day will be only too glad to give me to his service. I know you love me dearly, and that is just why you will like me to obey his call, for you said that nothing was too good for him. O! father, dear, I love you much, but to-day I have learned to love Jesus better.'

Then the father, with cold, cold hands, and dry lips that would not frame an answer in words, put the fair young face away from him, and in silent agony of soul, like one in a terrible dream, made his way to his library. Locking the door, he threw himself on his knees and buried his face in his hands. 'O God, I cannot!' he wildly cried. 'She is my child, my darling child, the joy and brightness of my lonely life—take anything but her! Thou hast flocks and herds, leave me my one ewe lamb.'

Then he rose and paced the room. He had never thought of this! His cherished daughter laid upon the altar! A small volume of poems lay upon the table. Mechanically, hardly knowing what he was doing, he took it up and read:

'O fond, O fool, and blind!
To God I give with tears;
But when a man like grace would find,
My soul puts by her tears.'

Was it God's voice, God's call to the grudging father? The preacher thought it so, and accepted the heavenly censure as from the lips of a father. Pulling himself together, he unlocked the door and went straight in search of his daughter, whom he found sitting alone, her bright face clouded, for she had been bewildered by his reception of her decision.

'My child,' he said, folding her in his arms, 'Christ deserves the best, and I freely yield you to him.'

From that moment he accepted her sacrifice in the spirit in which it was offered, and which he had himself inspired. His daughter became a missionary, and carried out to the letter, throughout her life, the advice he had given so bravely to others from his pulpit that memorable day, little dreaming it would reach the heart of his own child.

Is not this story of Jephthah's daughter lived out in the twentieth century? How many of us would like to feel that God might at any moment take us at our word? We sing such solemn words, we repeat such wonderful truths, we call upon others for sacrifice; but how about ourselves? Do we realize the solemn words, do we grasp the wonderful promises, do we make the great sacrifices we think so easy for others? I should not wonder if we all needed to stop and think just here, and to be very careful never to ask of others a gift or sacrifice that we should not be ready to give, if called upon ourselves. Yes, Christ deserves the best of everything; some of us can see this clearly enough when applied to others, but ah, it is not quite the same thing when we are concerned, and when he asks us to give him the best of our time, our talents, our money, and our hearts; and yet nothing short of this entire consecration to Christ and his service can keep our hearts attuned to his great heart of love.—'Rest and Reaping.'

How a Chinese Slave Girl Led a Friend to the Light.

(Mary V. Glenton, M.D., in the 'Spirit of Missions.')

(Concluded.)

Finally she reached Wuchang, and while in a yamen here succumbed to the inroads made on her constitution by her pitiful life. When she grew sick and useless, she was not wanted in the yamen, but where was she to go? Nobody would buy her, and she had no home in the city. An amah (a nurse) in the yamen lived—when at home—in the courtyard with a woman who might find room in her home for a little waif. The amah pleaded for her, and Lei Hsi went to her new home. After being there a couple of months she grew gradually worse, and the woman, whose husband was an 'inquirer,' and who was 'eating foreign doctrine,' heard that the foreigners had a place to which sick people could go for help. This woman would not listen to 'the doctrine,' from her husband or anyone else. She simply would not be spoken to on the subject. But she had brought little Lei Hsi to us, first for medicine, and afterward entrusted her to us for care. She allowed the child to be instructed, and later to be baptized.

As Lei Hsi grew worse, her foster-mother came and stayed with her for days at a time, and when a faint ray of hope would show itself, as it so often does in lingering diseases, she said that if Lei Hsi recovered she would take her for her own, and would not let the child go back to the yamen. While staying with the child in the Elizabeth Bunn Hospital this woman listened to instruction daily, as do all the patients, and frequently attended the Sunday services in the church. Her stubborn heart was softened, and she was glad to listen to 'the foreign doctrine' that she had heretofore rejected, and now she is to be admitted as a catechumen.

Early Palm Sunday morning little Lei Hsi died quietly in her sleep, died a baptized Christian, died at the age of thirteen, at the end of the four happiest months of her short life. Even though they were filled with suffering they were happy months. She had seen her first Christmas; she had seen and joined the foreigners in their worship in their beautiful church; she had had pictures given to her, and a scrap-book, and when she could lie down (sometimes the only position in which she could breathe comfortably was standing up, leaning her folded arms on a table), it was so nice to lie and look at the pictures all over the spotless wall of the hospital ward—to her a lovely place.

She was so patient and uncomplaining, always ready to greet us with a bright smile when we appeared, very rarely speaking of her suffering.

As we passed through the hospital grounds on this bright Sunday morning, in the company of one of our Hankow workers, we met Lei Hsi's foster-mother. She thanked us profusely, and turned to our visitor to speak of the goodness of the people in this place. Her face brightened and a glad smile came over it, as she said through her tears, 'Yes, and I have been led to the True Light, too, by her coming here.'

Lei Hsi had a hard life, a sorrowful life. The sufferings of a long life, yes, of two or three long lives, had been crowded into her thirteen years. She not only found rest at last herself, but all that suffering and its ultimate end was the means of saving another soul from death. She was, unconsciously, a little missionary, and it was thus that a slave girl in China witnessed for Christ.

The Postal Crusade.

The following amounts have been received for the postal crusade:

Previously acknowledged	$ 3.70
Jas. Smillie, Inwood, Ont.	50
M. E. Godfrey, N. Wiltshire, P.E.I.	65
From Oak Grove, Ont.	2.50
A Friend, Head Lake, Ont., ...	5.00
A Friend in Denver, Col.....	1.50
Jas. Tretheway, Munro, B.C.	60
In His Name, Almonte, Ont.	60
	$14.55

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR GENERAL FUND.

J.P.,—In His Name, Bowmanville, $50.00; W. H. M., $10.00; Waubaushene Union S. S., per C. W. Gervais, Waubaushene, O., $5.00; Mrs. John Ruby, Bay Port, 50c.; Maxwell and B. Nobertson, Hagersville, Ont., 50c.; total $66.00.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Let it Pass.

Be not swift to take offence:
Let it pass.
Anger is a foe to sense:
Let it pass.
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long;
Rather sing this cheery song:
Let it pass.

Echo not an angry word;
Let it pass.
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass.
Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve,
'Tis the noble who forgive;
Let it pass.

If for good you've taken ill,
Let it pass.
O be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass.
Time at last makes all things straight,
Let us not resent but wait,
And our triumph shall be great;
Let it pass.

Bid your anger to depart,
Let it pass.
Lay these homely words to heart,
Let it pass.
Follow not the common throng,
Better to be wronged than wrong;
Therefore sing the cheery song:
Let it pass, let it pass.

—Anon.

For Mary.

(Mabel Earle, in 'Wellspring.')

Pap Hunter sat on the front porch, with his chair tilted back, watching Ted rake up the lawn. If it had not been for Ted there would have been no lawn, nor any front porch, for Pap Hunter had been crippled in body with rheumatism for four years. His soul had been crippled with amiable indolence for many more years, insomuch that to the people of the little Montana town he was always Pap Hunter or Old Man Hunter. But Ted and Mary always called him 'father.' Ted had an impression that people of refinement did not say 'pap' nor allow their front yards to run to unsightly waste. Therefore, at the expense of great labor, he had brought rich earth from the creek bottom to cover the stony sand in front of the house, and every evening in summer he patiently carried bucket after bucket of water to refresh the lawn. He was rewarded by his own sense of the beautiful, and by the light in Mary's eyes.

Bit by bit, since his father broke down and left him, a lad of fourteen, to care for the family, he had repaired and improved the three-room cabin he called home. The clapboarding of the exterior was Ted's work; Mr. Smith had made him a present of some old lumber, and Ted had applied it—not too scientifically, but to the great improvement of appearances. Mr. Smith had promised him a supply of paint, in consideration of various odd jobs, and Ted hoped to have his house painted in fine style by fall.

'Twenty year ago,' Father Hunter said, whittling meditatively, 'twenty year ago this summer, the Injuns made their last stand. It was skittish work travellin' in stage coaches, them days. Ever so many of 'em was set on, and the passengers scalped. All the miners and ranchers round here moved into town, and we built a fort. But Gibbons whipped 'em at last—the Injuns, I mean—over on the Big Hook, behind those mountains yonder; whipped 'em good. We ain't had any more trouble with Injuns in Montany.'

'I wish I'd lived in those days,' Ted observed, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. 'I could have fought Indians, or discovered a mine, or something that amounted to something. Not much chance now.'

'Montany isn't the same place,' Father Hunter admitted. 'All quiet now. No more shooting scrapes or nothing. Miners mostly, no-'count foreigners, and the cowboys 's like as not are college graduates.'

The mention of college graduates touched a sensitive chord in Ted. 'Father,' he said, 'I want Mary to take music lessons.'

'Land sakes!' the old man ejaculated, mildly. 'Don't Mary play the melojun good enough to suit you?' The melodeon was almost the only relic which Ted's mother, dying years before, had left her children.

'She plays fine,' Ted admitted, loyally. 'But she ought to have a piano, and take real music lessons, and learn to be a teacher.'

'You can't buy a pianny, sonny,' the old man said, sadly. 'They cost a heap. You're doin' well by us all, but you can't buy a pianny.'

'I can rent one,' Ted said, his square jaw setting firmly.

He walked into Mr. Gardiner's store before working hours the next morning, and hunted up the proprietor in the fruit cellar. Mr. Gardiner's sign announced that he dealt in 'guns and ammunition, fruit, confectionery, and musical instruments.' Two rather battered pianos, left on his hands by families moving out of town in heavy arrears, and a few guitars and cheap violins made up his stock of musical instruments.

'Mr. Gardiner,' said Ted, scrambling over an apple barrel, 'I want to rent a piano.'

'You do!' said Mr. Gardiner. He knew much of Ted's energy and enterprise, but this proposition staggered him.

'Yes, sir. For Mary to take lessons,' Ted explained. 'If you'll let me come here and dust and clean round for you mornings, before I go to work, I think it'll be about square.'

'I reckon it will,' said Mr. Gardiner, slowly, looking straight into Ted's fearless blue eyes. 'I reckon it will. I'll see to sending it over, too, this afternoon.'

There were wings on Ted's feet as he walked away from Mr. Gardiner's emporium. He had still twenty minutes left before he was due at his work, and he went round by the Presbyterian manse.

'Mrs. Carroll,' he told the minister's pretty young wife, who had recently come from Boston, 'I want to see if you'll give my sister music lessons, and let me work out the price doing things for you out of hours—house-cleaning times, maybe, and in the garden, and errands. Mary can pay part, sewing and baking, if you'll let her, but I don't want her to do it all.'

Mrs. Carroll was touched and pleased at the proposition. She also knew of Ted's efforts, and she consented very readily.

Ted did not have a chance to tell Mary about his arrangements until he went home for dinner. He had kept it all as a surprise, and he would have liked her to know nothing about it until the piano appeared on the scene, but he knew that in their small domicile various preparations must be made to accommodate so bulky a visitor.

'Ted!' was all Mary said when she understood. She put her arms round Ted's neck and kissed him, as she had not dared to do since he was a little boy. 'O Ted!'

There was a long, hard pull ahead of them both, as Ted explained to her, but neither of them wavered. In rosy summer dawns and gray winter evenings Ted held himself to his extra tasks, even when his strong young muscles ached with weariness, and his eyelids were heavy with sleep. He had to give up his idea of painting the house that fall, but Mary assured him that she did not care. Father Hunter, roused to some faint resemblance of industry, assumed the care of the lawn and of the wood box and hobbled about his work with infinite pride and pleasure. When it was done he sat on the front steps and listened in reverent delight to Mary's practicing. She worked faithfully, crowding time for hours of daily practice out of the midst of her many duties, and her progress was marvellous. Mrs. Carroll began to feel an unusual interest in her young pupil. She wrote a letter or two to some wealthy friends in the East, and in Mary's second years of work, word came from one of the friends offering to pay for the girl's education in one of the best eastern conservatories.

Ted rebelled at first. He wanted to do everything for Mary himself, and feared vaguely that the life offered her would put her away from him forever. At last he conquered himself—a victory no less noble than the conquests over poverty and ignorance. Mary went away to school.

When she came back, after several years, Mrs. Carroll arranged for her to give a concert in her native town. It was a brilliant success. Probably the audience did not understand all of Mary's classical music, but they understood Mary—and Ted. Ted sat near the door, wearing his working suit. Ted was saving every penny just now for something better than clothes.

Mrs. Carroll fell upon Mary's neck after the concert, kissing and congratulating her. But Mr. Carroll went to Ted and wrung his hand until it ached.

'It's your doing,' he said. 'It's you who ought to be congratulated.'

'I've something more to tell you, sir,' Ted said, modestly, 'I've put by enough now to take care of father, and I'm going to the State School of Mines next year. I can work out my board, and, of course, the tuition's free. I'm going to be a mining engineer. I don't want Mary to be ashamed of her brother.'

'Ashamed!' Mr. Carroll said, hardly finding words. 'If she isn't proud of you—'

'She is proud of him, never fear,' sair Mary's voice, as she came down from the platform through the rows of empty seats. 'Ted knows!'

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each

The Boy from the Plains.

'See the hayseed in his hair!'

Say, what's that on his trousers—a burr?'

The boys on the opposite seat were commenting in whispers on the appearance of the new Sunday school scholar in Miss Maynard's class. But presently, when Miss Maynard came and took her seat between the benches on which her boys sat, facing one another, the whispering stopped.

'Boys,' she said, 'I want to make you acquainted with the new member of the class, Henry Ryder. It will be nicer, I think, and we shall feel better acquainted if we call him Harry. Henry will do later on.' Miss Maynard smiled pleasantly at the new scholar, and the other boys seized the opportunity to laugh. Harry Ryder blushed and squirmed, and clutched the edge of the seat. He was a bashful country boy from the 'pine plains,' and this ordeal was a little harder to bear than he had expected it would be. But soon the opening exercises began, and with this relief the new scholar's embarrassment passed off.

At one o'clock the boys rushed pellmell out of Sunday school, much as they do on week days. Sam Miner, the biggest boy in Miss Maynard's class, put his foot out in front of the new scholar, and Harry Ryder sprawled on the grass. See, fellows! He wants a mouthful of hay—can't stand it any longer!' shouted Sam, and the other boys shouted with laughter. It was a mean trick, but Sam was a good deal of a bully, and a great deal of a 'hector,' and his worse nature sometimes would crop out, even on Sunday.

Harry picked himself up, and walked off without a word, but his cheeks blazed, and he had to clinch his teeth hard to keep control of himself. The laughter of the other boys rang in his ears, but he was a man enough to brave it out and keep command of fists and tongue. He knew that the other boys would not have treated him so rudely except for Sam. 'I I can stop Sam's bullying in some way,' he said to himself, as he tramped along the sandy road to the pine plains, 'the others will be all right. And Sam isn't a bad fellow, I do believe. He looks as if he would be full of fun if one could get on the right side of him. The only trouble is that he has the idea he must be teasing somebody in order to be happy.'

A week or two later came the annual spring picnic of the Sunday school, which this year was to be an excursion in barges to the pine plains in search of arbutus, which was unusually plenty and beautiful. The objective point was the north shore of Clear Pond, two miles beyond Harry Ryder's home. Harry climbed into the boys' barge when it reached his father's farm, and was greeted by Sam Miner with the shout, 'Hello! Here's a hayseed!' This time Harry laughed with the rest, and felt better after he had done it. That is often the best way to take the bitterness out of an unkind joke.

The morning was spent by the boys and girls and their teachers in picking arbutus. Then they all had lunch on a great shelving rock by the pond. Afterwards the young people broke up into small parties and roamed away again. Several of the boys, Sam and Harry among them, went to the other end of the pond for the first swim of the season. There was an old raft in a cove that Harry knew of, and six or seven of the boys paddled it out into deep water to dive from.

Sam made a great display of his swimming powers, and dared all the other boys to do all sorts of risky things. Finally he proposed swimming ashore from the raft, and sneered when no one offered to take the risk with him. He taunted Harry especially with being a coward, and crying, 'Well, I'm going, anyway,' plunged into the deep water.

Less than twenty yards from the raft he was taken with cramps, and went under. Harry instantly jumped in, swam to the spot, and clutched Sam as he came up for the first time. But the drowning boy clasped Harry's arms so that he could not use them, and both swimmers went down before the raft could be paddled to them. Fortunately, however, they came up again, almost in the same spot, and were dragged on board the raft by the other boys. Sam was already unconscious, and Harry nearly exhausted; but both were revived by rubbing and the heat of a good fire on shore.

It was a narrow escape, and after it Sam was a changed boy. He left off his bullying and teasing ways, and he and Harry grew to be bosom friends. The boy from the plains had appealed at last to the good in his tormentor, in the right way.—'Morning Star.'

The Fairest.

The fairest thing that men have made,
  My lad, it is a Ship,
O, beautiful beyond the white
  Wild bird she would outstrip!
So beautiful, so beautiful,
  A heart must leap to bless,
And after her the wake of foam
  Stay white with happiness.

And fairer than all things beside,
  My maid,—a Violin;
Nay, aught that will give out again
  The music hid within.
Or pipe or string or hollow shell
  It breaks enchanted sleep,
To win awhile the faery heart
  Of air that none may keep.

But all of you who may not go
  To sail upon the sea,—
Who wait upon another's whim
  For hope of melody,—
Oh, bless your hunger and your thirst,
  And give your spirit wings
To speed beyond a narrow door
  The heart that sails and sings!

—Josephine Preston Peabody.

As to How You Feel.

Don't think it is necessary that you act as you feel. And yet I presume many think because they feel mean that they may therefore act mean. But that is making feeling the standard of action. Were that so, one need only to do that which would bring on mean feelings and then act as mean as he wanted to with impunity. The opposite is the true thing to do. Not only are we not to act mean when we feel mean, or ill when we feel ill, but at such times we are to act much better than we feel. There is more virtue and character building in the right direction, in acting better than we feel when the east wind of down feeling is on us, than acting good when the good feeling is on us.

The great fight is on us when the Goliath of poor feelings meets the David 'I ought' in us. Character is largely forged in the tight places of life. The easy places do but little for us save as we use them to profit when we need rest. Rate of speed is revealed by the test. The examination tests the learning of the lesson. The schoolroom work tests the school teacher. The pupil tests the preacher. The experiment is the argument settler. Living religion tests the profession of religi . . Life is a conflict. After all, the goal is reached by being able to knock out your antagonist. In a case of ill feeling this very ill feeling is your contestant. Acting only as he does is no victory. To act mean because you feel mean is to surrender to the enemy. When we feel mean we must act the opposite. According to psychological law ill feeling is only successfully antagonized by the exercise of the better feeling, and not by spending all your force 'resolving against the ill feeling.'

In our thought world—our feelings, emotions, passions, and in the field of temptation also, so long as we are trying to resist a wrong thought it is still being held in mind, and it is doing its work, at least in par, so long as we retain it in thought. We get out of our trouble by changing the object of thought. As in a matter of temptation so soon as we enthrone Jesus in place of the temptation we have victory. No wrong feeling gives any authority or liberty for the service of itself. 'Resist the devil and he will flee,' and yet we need to know how to 'resist.'—The 'Church Forum.'

An Evening's Fun.

Now, boys and girls, here is great fun. Get a crowd together, appoint an umpire to decide on pronunciation (with the help of the new dictionary), and offer a prize for the one who can pronounce all these words without a mistake. Perhaps you can catch father or mother or some of them, too:

'A sacrilegious son of Belial, who has suffered from bronchitis, having exhausted his finances, in order to make good the deficit resolved to ally himself to a comely, lenient and docile young lady of the Malay or Caucasion race. He accordingly purchased a calliope and coral necklace of a chameleon hue, and in securing a suite of rooms at a principal hotel he engaged the head waiter as his coadjutor. He then despatched a letter of the most exceptional caligraphy extant, inviting the young lady to a matinee. She revolted at the idea, refused to consider herself sacrificable to his desires, and sent a polite note of refusal, on receiving which he procured a carbine and bowie knife, said that he would not now forge fetters hymeneal with the queen, went to an isolated spot, severed his jugular vein and discharged the contents of the carbine into his abdomen. The debris was removed by the coroner.'

How Jim Went to the War.

(Jacob A. Riis, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

Jocko and Jim sat on the scuttle-stairs and mourned; times were out of joint with them. Since an ill wind had blown one of the recruiting sergeants for the Spanish War into the next block, the old joys of the tenement had palled onon Jim. Nothing would do but he must go to the war.

The infection was general in the neighborhood. Even baseball had lost its savor. The Ivy nine had disbanded at the first drum-beat and had taken the fever in a body. Jim, being fourteen, and growing 'muscle' with daily pride, 'had it bad.' Naturally Jocko, being Jim's constant companion, developed the symptoms, too, and to external appearances, thirsted for gore as eagerly as a naturally peace-loving, long-tailed monkey could.

Jocko had belonged to an Italian organ-grinder in the days of the 'persecution,' when the aldermen issued an edict against monkeys. Now he was 'hung up' for rent unpaid. And literally, he remained hung up most of the time, usually by his tail from the banisters, in which position he was able both to abet the mischief of the children, and to elude the stealthy grabs of their exasperated elders by skipping nimbly to the other side.

The tenement was one of the old-fashioned kind, built for a better use, with wide, oval stair-well and superior opportunities for observation and escape. Jocko inhabited the well by day, and from it conducted his raids upon the tenants' kitchens with an impartiality which, if it did not disarm, at least had stayed the hand of vengeance so far.

That he gave great provocation not even his staunchest friend could deny. His pursuit of information was persistent. The sight of Jocko cracking stolen eggs on the stairs to see the yolk run out and then investigating the empty shell with grave concern, was cheering to the children, but usually provoked a shower of execrations and scrubbing brushes from the despoiled households.

When the postman's call was heard in the hall, Jocko was on hand to receive the mail. Once he did receive it. The impartial zeal with which he distributed the letters to friend and foe brought forth more scrubbing brushes, and Jocko retired to his attic aërie, there to ponder with Jim, his usual companion when in disgrace, the relation of eggs and letters and scrubbing brushes in a world that seemed all awry to their simple minds.

This sense was heavy upon them one day as they sat silently brooding on the stairs—Jim, glum and hopeless, with his arms buried to the elbow in his trousers' pockets, Jocko, a world of care in his wrinkled face, humped upon the step at his shoulder with limp tail. The rain beating upon the roof in fitful showers, and the April storm rattling the crazy shutters, added to the depression of the two.

Jim broke the silence when a blast fiercer than the rest shook the old house. ''Taint right,' he said, dolefully, 'I know it aint, Jock! There's Tom and Foley gone off and 'listed, and them only four years older than me. What's four years?' This with a sniff of contempt.

Jocko gazed straight ahead. Four years of scrubbing brushes and stealthy grabs at his tail on the stairs! To Jocko they were a long, long time.

'And did!' wailed Jim, unheeding. 'I heard him tell Mr. Murphy himself that he was a drummer-boy in the war, and he won't let me at them dagoes!'

A slightly upward curl of Jocko's tail testified to his sympathy.

'I seen 'em march to de camp with their guns and drums.' There was a catch in Jim's voice now. And Susie's feller was there in soger-clo'es, Jock—soger-clo'es!'

Jim broke down in desolation and despair at the recollection. Jocko hitched as close to him as the step would let him, and brought his shaggy side against the boy's jacket in mute compassion. So they sat in silence until suddenly Jim got up and strode across the floor twice.

'Jock!' he said, stopping short in front of his friend. 'I know what I'll do. Jock, do you hear? I know what I'm going to do!'

Jocko sat up straight, erected his tail into a huge interrogation-point, cocked his wise little head on one side, and regarded his ally expectantly. The storm was over, and the afternoon sun sent a ray slanting across the floor.

'I'm going anyhow! I'll run away, Jock! That's what I'll do! I'll get a whack at them dagoes yet!'

Jim danced a breakdown on the patch of sunlight, winding up by making a grab for Jocko, who evaded him by jumping over his head to the banister, where he became an animated pinwheel in approval of the new mischief. They stopped at last, out of breath.

'Jock,' said the boy, considering his playmate approvingly, 'you will make a soldier yourself yet. Come on, let's have a drill! This way. Jock, up straight! Now, attention! Right hand—salute!' Jocko exactly imitated his master and so learned the rudiments of the soldier's art as Jim knew it.

'You'll do, Jock,' he said, when the dusk stole into the attic, 'but you can't go this trip. Good-by to you. Here goes for the soger camp!'

There was surprise in the tenement when Jim did not come home for supper; as the evening wore on the surprise became consternation. His father gave over certain preparations for his reception which, if Jim had known of them, might well have decided him to stick to 'sogering,' and went to the police station to learn if the boy had been heard of there. He had not, and an alarm which the sergeant sent out discovered no trace of him the next day.

Jim was lost, but how? His mother wept, and his father spent weary days and nights inquiring of every one within a distance of many blocks for a red-headed boy in "knee-pants' and a baseball cap. The grocer's clerk on the corner alone furnished a clue. He remembered giving Jim two crackers on the afternoon of the storm and seeing him turn west. The clue began and ended there. Slowly the conviction settled on the tenement that Jim had really run away to enlist.

'I'll enlist him!' said his father; and the tenement acquiesced in the justice of his intentions and awaited developments. And all the time Jocko kept Jim's secret safe.

Jocko had troubles enough of his own. Jim's friendship and quick wit had more than once saved the monkey; for, in despite of harum-scarum ways, the boy with the sunny smile was a general favorite. Now that he was gone, the tenement rose in wrath against its tormentor, and Jocko accepted the challenge.

All his lawless instincts were given full play. Even the banana man at the street stand who had given him peanuts when trade was good, or sold them to him in exchange for pilfered pennies, he made an enemy by grabbing bananas when his back was turned. Mrs. Rafferty, on the second floor rear, one of his few champions, he estranged by exchanging the 'war extra' which the carrier left at the door for her for the German paper served to Mrs. Schultz, her pet aversion on the floor below. Mrs. Rafferty upset the washtub in her rage at this prank.

'Ye imp,' she shrieked, laying about her with a wet towel, 'wid yer hapthen Dootch! It's that yer up to, is it?' and poor Jocko paid dearly for his mistake.

As he limped painfully to his attic retreat, his bitterest reflection may have been that even the children, his former partners in every plot against the public peace, had now joined in the general assault upon him. Truly, every man's hand was raised against Jocko, and in the spirit of Ishmael, he entered on his crowning exploit.

On the top floor of the rear house was Mrs. Hoffman, a quiet German tenant, who had heretofore escaped Jocko's unwelcome attentions. Now in his banishment to the upper regions, he bestowed them upon her with an industry to which she objected loudly, but in vain. Shut off from his accustomed base of supplies, he spent his hours watching her kitchen from the fire-escape, and if she left it but for a minute he was over the roof and, by way of the shutter, in her flat, foraging for food.

In the battles that ensued, when Mrs. Hoffman surprised him, some of her spare crockery was broken without damage to the monkey. Vainly did she turn the key of her ice-box and think herself safe. Jocko had watched her do it, and turned it, too, on his next trip, with results satisfactory to himself. The climax came when he was discovered sitting at the open skylight, under which Mrs. Hoffman and her husband were working at their tailoring trade, calmly puffing away at Mr. Hoffman's cherished meerschaum, and leisurely picking the putty from the glass and dropping it upon the heads of the maddened couple.

The old German's terror and emotion at the sight nearly choked him. 'Jocko,' he called, with shaking voice, you fol monkey! Jocko! Papa's pet! Come down mit mine pipe!'

But Jocko merely brandished his pipe, and shook it at the tailor with a wicked grin that showed all his sharp little teeth. Mrs. Hoffman wanted to call a policeman and the board of health, but the thirst for vengeance suggested a more effective plan to the tailor.

'Wait! I fix him! I fix him good! he vowed, and forthwith betook himself to the kitchen, where stood the ice-box.

From his attic lookout Jocko saw the tailor take from the ice-box a bottle of beer, and drawing the cork with careful attention to detail, partake of its contents with apparent relish. Finally the tailor put back the bottle and went away, after locking the ice-box, but leaving the key in the lock.

His step was yet on the stairs when the monkey peered through the window, reached the ice-box with a bound and turned the key. There was the bottle, just as the tailor had left it. Jocko held it as he had seen him do, and pulled the cork. It came out easily. He held the bottle to his mouth. After a while he put it down, and thoughtfully rubbed the pit of his stomach. Then he took another pull, following the directions to the letter.

The last ray of the evening sun stole through the open window as Jocko arose and wandered unsteadily toward the bedroom, the door of which stood ajar. There was no one within. On the wall hung Mrs. Hoffman's brocade shawl and Sunday hat. Jocko had often watched her put them on. Now he possessed himself of both, and gravely carried them to his attic.

In the early twilight such a wail of bereavement arose in the rear house that the tenants hurried from every floor to learn what was the matter. It was Mrs. Hoffman, bemoaning the loss of her shawl and Sunday hat.

A hurried search left no doubt who was the thief. There was the open window, and the empty bottle on the floor by the ice-box. Jocko's hour of expiation had come. In the uproar that swelled louder as the angry crowd of tenants made for the attic, his name was heard coupled with direful threats. Foremost in the mob was Jim's father, with the stick he had peeled and seasoned against the boy's return. In some way, not clear to himself, he connected the monkey with Jim's

truancy, and it was something to be able to avenge himself on its hairy hide.

But Jocko was not in the attic. The mob ranged downstairs, searching every nook and getting angrier as it went. The advance guard had reached the first floor landing, when a shout of discovery from one of the boy scouts directed all eyes to the wall niche at the turn of the stairs.

There, in the place where the Venus of Milo or the winged Mercury had stood in the days when wealth and fashion inhabited Houston street, sat Jocko, draped in Mrs. Hoffman's brocade shawl, her Sunday hat tilted rakishly on one side, and with his tail at 'port arms' over his left shoulder. He blinked lazily at the foe, and then his head tilted forward under Mrs. Hoffman's hat.

'Saints presarve us!' gasped Mrs. Rafferty, crossing herself. 'The baste is dhrunk!'

Yes, Jocko was undeniably tipsy. For one brief moment a sense of the ludicrous struggled with the just anger of the mob. That moment decided the fate of Jocko. There came a thunderous rap at the door, and there stood a policeman with Jim, the runaway, in his grasp.

'Does this boy—, he shouted, and stopped short, his gaze riveted upon the monkey. Jim, shivering with apprehension, all desire to be a soldier gone out of him, felt rather than saw the whole tenement assembled in judgment, and he the culprit. He raised his tear-stained face and beheld Jocko mounting guard. Policeman, camp, failure and the expected beating, were all alike forgotten. He remembered only the sunny attic and his pranks with Jocko, their last game of soldiering.

'Attention!' he piped at the top of his shrill voice. 'Right hand—salute!'

At the word of command Jocko straightened up like a veteran, looked sleepily around, and raising his right paw, saluted in military fashion. The movement pushed the hat back on his head, and gave a swaggering look to the forlorn figure that was irresistibly comical.

It was too much for the spectators. With a yell of laughter, the tenement abandoned vengeance. Peal after peal rang out, in which the policeman, Jim and his father joined, old scores forgotten and forgiven.

The cyclone of mirth aroused Jocko. He made a last groping effort to collect his scattered wits, and met the eyes of Jim at the foot of the stairs. With a joyful squeal of recognition he gave it up, turned one mighty, inebriated somersault and went flying down, shedding Mrs. Hoffman's Sunday garments to the right and left in his flight, and landed plump on Jim's shoulder, where he sat grinning general amnesty, while a rousing cheer went up for the two friends.

The slate was wiped clean. Jim had come home from the war.

In Case of Bad Bleeding.

'I know one thing,' said John, 'if you cut an artery, the blood is red and spurts; and if you cut a vein, the blood is bluer and flows.'

'That's right; but in real accidents you generally have both, and so there is a mixture of blue and red. If the bleeding is very bad, tie a large handkerchief around the injured arm or leg, with a knot over the artery about an inch above the cut. Slip a stick through the place where the handkerchief is tied, and twist it until the knot is pressed deeply against the artery. It would be well to tie a string around the arm over the other end of the stick to prevent its unwinding. In this way you compress and close the walls of the artery between the cut end and the heart, and thus you stop the bleeding. Cold or heat in any form also helps to stop bleeding, for they both help to clot the blood; and, of course, when the blood clots it acts like a stopper in a bottle, and so the blood ceases to flow out.'—From Dr. E. E. Walker's 'First Aid to the Injured,' in October 'St. Nicholas.'

To Set the World Rejoicing.

'There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird-wing fleeter.
There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rose cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor.
No robin but may thrill some heart,
His dawn-like gladness voicing,
God gives us all some small sweet way
To set the world rejoicing.'

—Waif.

A Hole in the Water.

'An Old Man's Yarn.'

Many years ago, when I was a young fellow, I went down into the country to stay with a cousin at an old Manor House, and right thoroughly did I enjoy all the amusements and sport in the open air that we had day after day.

Cousin Roger was a sportsman and a great fisherman; he knew all the streams in the neighborhood, and with his great ally, Dick Wareham, the keeper's son, was familiar with all the best pools in the country side.

It was a treat to me to spend day after day in the fields and woods, amid the smell of the young clover, and pines, and the songs of the birds; and after a very small interval, Roger made me as ardent an angler as himself, while Dick—that boy was a born sportsman; we never went down to his father's cottage but Dick was busy making a mole trap, or knitting nets for rabbits, or rigging up a new thing in fishing tackle. But now I must tell of an adventure we had.

One evening it was arranged we should go the next day to try a pretty little stream near the house, and see if we could land one or two monsters out of a deep hole where Dick had told Roger there were a lot of chub securely sheltered by a high bank.

After a hearty breakfast, fishing tackle having been made ready overnight, we started, called at the keeper's cottage for Dick on our way, and found him busy as usual, making a new float out of some bits of cork, with which he hoped to lure some wily carp in the big manor pond, who were too knowing to be taken in by the gaudy green or red painted floats from the village shop.

Dick was ready in a trice, and having loaded him with the lunch bag, we were off again, and soon reached the spot—a lovely little secluded glen, where the alders dipped their branches to kiss the stream.

Roger had lent me a pair of long water-tight boots that came up to my hips, so I was perfectly safe on that score.

We soon took up our positions. Roger waded into the middle of the stream a little below the pool, and I stood on the meadow, opposite the high bank, and threw right across the river.

We had not been fishing more than ten minutes, when all at once my float went down; I struck upwards and hooked him. I was very quiet, because I thought I should beat Roger by landing the first fish, so I played him for a minute, and then I knew that he was a big one; my top joint bent again and again as the angry fellow dashed about, and I could scarcely get near enough to him, as he was on the other side of the river with a great bank of weeds between us. So I watched an opportunity when I could step quietly into the stream, which looked quite shallow in front of me, and by taking about three strides I should get near enough to land him in the net. I pulled up my high boots and stepped in.

There was a tremendous splash, and Roger turned round to see what was the matter, and there was I up to my neck in a hole, my nose and chin just appearing above water.

Roger stood holding his sides, which ached with his uproarious laughter, in which Dick was joining most heartily. They roared again and again at the pretty figure I made, and Roger could not contain himself when, with a mock, solemn manner, he waded out and came to my assistance.

In spite of the cold shock of the sudden plunge, I had kept hold of my rod, and now, by the aid of a helping hand, I managed to scramble out of what proved to be a deep hole that the stream had worn away in the bank, exactly similar to that on the other side in which the fish lay.

'Well,' cried Roger, 'you make a good portrait, you do; neck or nothing, old fellow. Now you are wet you may as well finish it—go in and pull him out.'

And in I went. I was wet through from head to foot, so it did not much matter getting a little wetter. A few cautious steps brought me to the middle of the stream, and I soon got him near enough to pop the landing net under him, and a minute later he was lying safe upon the grass; a fine big fellow, nearly four pounds in weight, Dick Wareham declared.

'Well,' said Roger, when we had both taken breath, 'what was your idea in walking in after him? were you going to run him down?'

I explained how the mishap occurred; but Roger made a great joke of it, and we all laughed while I lay upon my back on the grass, while they held my legs high in the air to let the water in my boots run out at the top.

'You made a fine hole in the water, Teddie,' he said. 'It looked very much as if you meant hooking him on. Never mind, he is a fine fish, and worth a little fun to catch.'

We carried him home, and many more of his fellows did we afterwards get out of that pool, but we never passed the place or talked of that day's fishing without a good laugh over the hole that I made in the water.—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

A man who teaches his children habits of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a stock of money.

The Widow's Lamp.

Some years ago there dwelt a widow in a lonely cottage on the seashore. All round her cottage the coast was rugged and dangerous, and many a time was her heart touched by the sight of wrecked fishing boats and coasting vessels, and the piteous cries of perishing human beings.

One stormy night, when the howling wind was making her loneliness more lonely, and she was thinking what the next morning's light might discover, a happy thought occurred to her. Her cottage stood on a hill, and her little window looked out upon the sea.

Might she not place her small lamp by that window, that it might be a beacon-light to warn some poor sailor off the coast?

She did so. All her life after, during the winter nights, her lamp burned in the window; and many a poor fisherman had cause to bless God for the widow's lamp—many a crew was saved thereby from drowning. That widow woman 'did what she could'; and if all of us did the same, how much wretchedness might be saved, and how many a weary heart might be relieved! Many people have not power to do much active work for God; but if they did what they could they would live as lights in the world. Even little children can do much, too, if they will only look about them, and try to help the helpless and those weaker than themselves, and so walk worthy of Him who hath called them to His kingdom and glory.—'Sunday Reading.'

Two Thorns.

It hurt. Every minute it seemed to hurt worse—worser, Elizabeth said. She kept uncrampling her palm and looking at it, and touching it to make sure it hurt very much—and groaning softly under her breath. There was nobody in the world Elizabeth pitied so much as Elizabeth, for probably there wasn't any other little girl with a cruel thorn in her hand.

Mademoiselle looked sorry, but Elizabeth would not look at Mademoiselle. You don't look at folks that keep you a whole hour away from your play to learn your spelling all over agan, or that say, 'What! what!' at you when you say your three table. Folks like that you—'spise.

'Gov'nesses are dreadful folks,' sighed Elizabeth. 'I wish my mother'd let me go to school instead of having me governed.' But she could not wish anything very long, except that the thorn would come out of her hand. It certainly did ache worser than ever—there now, didn't it! Hadn't she pinched it to see, and didn't it?

'Elizabeth'—the voice was quite gentle, but firm.

Elizabeth did not turn round. Her little white forehead above the tanline was wrinkled with real pain.

'There is still the spelling'—

As if she could learn her spelling with a thorn in her hand! But she opened the book again and whispered 'A-ch-e—a-ch-e' over and over to herself.

Why! Why! That was what she was doing now, this minute—a-ch-e-ing! Elizabeth laughed softly, in spite of herself. After that the word was easy enough to spell. Elizabeth was eight; but as long as she lived, even when she was eighty, she would know how to spell a-ch-e.

Someone was talking to Mademoiselle at the door.

'No,' Mademoiselle was sighing, 'I cannot yet come.' Some words Elizabeth lost there, then, 'She is my little—what you call?—thorn in the flesh.'

Elizabeth sat up straighter. The speller slid to the floor.

'She means me,' she thought. 'She's got one in her flesh, too, an' it's—me!'

It was rather a startling idea. It had never been clear like that before—what her naughtiness was like to Mademoiselle. How much it must hurt if it was like a thorn in her hand! It must burn and sting and ache—a-ch-e. How much it must a-ch-e!

Elizabeth found herself beginning to be sorry for Mademoiselle on account of that thorn. If some one would take it out! Nobody in the world could take it out except Elizabeth. And Elizabeth—she turned suddenly and ran to Mademoiselle.

'I'll take it out!' laughed Elizabeth, softly. 'I've got one in my hand, too, an' I know how it hurts. I never s'posed before that thorns and—and bad little girls hurt just alike. I can spell a-ch-e now, and I'll learn the other ones right away, an' my tables. Don't you think it will come out o' your flesh then?'

Mademoiselle understood. With a little cry she caught Elizabeth up and kissed her. Then as gently as she could she uncrumpled the little aching hand and drew out Elizabeth's thorn. They were both laughing when it was over, so Mademoiselle's thorn must have come out, too.—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in 'Zion's Herald.'

Good Out of Adversity.

(David James Burrel, D.D., in 'A Quiver of Arrows.')

Trials are profitable.

The rough diamond cried out under the blow of the lapidary: 'I am content, let me alone.'

But the artisan said, as he struck another blow:

'There is the making of a glorious thing in thee.'

'But every blow pierces my heart!'

'Ay; but after a little it shall work for thee a far more exceeding weight of glory.'

'I cannot understand,' as blow fell upon blow, 'why I should suffer in this way.'

'Wait; what thou knowest not now thou shalt know hereafter.'

And out of all this came the famous Koh-i-noor to sparkle in the monarch's crown.

Let Them Go.

A certain wise man replied to one who said, Such and such thoughts have come into my mind,' by saying, 'Let them go again.' And another wise oracle said, 'Thou canst not prevent the birds from flying above thy head, but thou canst prevent their building their nests in thy hair.'

We can not keep Satan from tempting us, but he can say to him promptly, 'Get thee behind me.' Resist the devil and he will flee from you.'—Luther.

Polly's Day of 'Fun.'

(Eleanor H. Porter, in the 'Canadian Baptist.')

Polly Ann Smith was plainly in a bad temper. Her forehead was puckered into ugly frowns, and her eyes looked out from beneath with a cold, unloving gleam.

To begin with, Polly did not like her name, and as to-day was the first day of school she had just been obliged to tell it to the new teacher. Moreover Annabel Moore sat right across the aisle and the teacher had called Annabel 'dear'—Polly thought 'Annabel' the prettiest name in all the world, and 'Polly,' the homeliest.

When recess came, Polly marched off by herself into a corner, from there she sulkily watched her friends playing tag. Pretty soon, a pair of flying little feet dashed by her, and a smart tap tingled on her arm.

'Tag! your it!' exclaimed Annabel Moore, breathlessly.

'I ain't neither —I ain't playing!' said Polly, sourly.

Annabel laughed good-naturedly.

'Oh, come, Polly,' she coaxed. 'Don't be so grumpy. Come—be good and play.'

'I don't want to be good! Good folks are stupid!' declared Polly, crossly.

'Why, Polly Smith, what an idea!' exclaimed Annabel in a shocked voice.

'Well, they are,' insisted Polly, again.

Polly's father and mother were dead, and Polly had spent the greater part of her ten years of life in the care of her grandparents, who were good and who meant to be kind, but who were very strict and severe. They did not understand in the least how to make a small maid of ten happy.

Annabel's cheeks flushed scarlet.

'My papa and mamma are good and they are not stupid! I know lots of other folks who are good too,' said she, stoutly.

'Well, what is being good!' demanded Polly, quickly. The sudden question surprised Annabel not a little, but she began her answer bravely enough, though she faltered after the first two words.

'Why, it's—it's—being good, of course; do things for folks to make 'em happy. You—you won't be happy yourself, either, if you aren't good!' she added with sudden dignity, trying to speak like mamma.

Polly shrugged her shoulders and turned away.

'How perfectly horrid everything and everybody is to-day,' she thought miserably. 'I'm sure if there's anything to make me happy, I'd like to try it.'

A few minutes later, recess being over, Polly sat in her seat, listlessly turning the leaves of her Reader. Suddenly she started, and looked fixedly at a few words near the top of the pages.

'The easiest way to be happy one's self is to make someone else happy,' she read, and shut the book with a bang causing the teacher to look down sharply at her.

Hard as she tried, Polly could not drive this new idea from her thoughts, and it made her restless all the afternoon. By night she had sullenly decided to 'try it and see what 'twas good for, anyhow!' She made up her mind that she would begin the next morning and see if she could find anyone to make happy. She told herself that 'twouldn't work,' but she went to bed that night with a queer little exultant feeling much as though she were about to try a new game.

The first thing Polly thought of the next morning was her new plan. She jumped out of bed and ran happily to the window, but a frown quickly appeared on her forehead—it was raining, and Polly particularly disliked rain.

Her face was the picture of woe when she sat down to the breakfast table. She had forgotten all about what she was going to try to do that day, nor did she think of it again until she saw her grandmother hunting everywhere for her glasses.

'O, dear,' thought Polly impatiently, 'I wonder if that is the kind of things that makes folks happy! Have I got to hunt up those tiresome glasses?'

But in another minute she was searching in what she knew was the favorite hiding-places of those frequently lost glasses, and it was not long before she found them, and carried them with a sheepish smile to her grandmother.

'Why, thank you—er—dear,' murmured the old lady in some surprise.

Polly turned quickly and ran out of the room. There was a queer little feeling in her throat; she wondered what it was.

'Pooh! I don't see as I'm so very happy,' she declared, with a sour look out into the

rain. Then she put on her hat and coat, and catching up her books and her lunch basket, opened her umbrella and started for school.

Just ahead of her she spied the familiar red hair belonging to Nellie Jones, and involuntary her steps shortened. Polly did not like Nellie Jones; in fact none of the girls did, and the poor child was left forlorn on all occasions. Nellie had made several attempts to be friendly with Polly, but in vain, for Polly had not hesitated to snub her unmercifully, regardless of all rules of kindness or politeness.

For a minute Polly hesitated.

'Dear me!' she said to herself with a dispairing sigh. 'I s'pose 'twould make her happy, now, if I let her walk to school with me. Well, then, I expect I'll have to do it—but I don't see as there is anything so very happifying to me in this sort of doings.' And she hastened her steps until she reached Nellie's side.

'Do you want to walk under my umbrella?' asked Polly a trifle ungraciously.

The supreme delight that showed at once on Nellie's plain little face sent that same queer feeling again to Polly's throat. By the time the schoolhouse was reached, the two girls were chatting quite happily together; Nellie was telling Polly of a brand new place to find blackberries.

The morning passed quietly. Polly began to take a strange interest in looking for chances to loan her pet pencils and the big soft sponge that the other girls so admired. She was wonderfully gracious with her smiles all the morning, too.

At lunch time Polly opened her basket. The thin slices of bread and butter and cold chicken looked very tempting as she spread them out on her napkin which she used as a table cloth. The small frosted cake was Polly's favorite kind, and there was a lucious bunch of grapes for dessert.

Polly's little white teeth sunk happily into the bread and butter, and her thumb and forefinger had just picked up a generous piece of chicken, when her roving eyes chanced to fall upon two hard looking biscuits and a doughnut that lay on a desk near her. Nellie Jones sat dejected before this unappetizing array of food, and Polly could not help noticing that Nellie's eyes were gazing longingly in the direction of her own chicken and grapes.

'Dear me!' sighed Polly. 'Why is it that its always the hard things to do that make other folks happy?' Then she beckoned Nellie to come to her.

The little girl jumped to her feet and almost flew to Polly's side.

'You'll have to help me eat my luncheon, I guess.'

By afternoon Polly had forgotten all about her new 'game,' as she called it—for her studies and recitations kept her very busy.

When school was dismissed she joined a little group of girls outside the school-house, and helped to make joyous plans for the picnic that was to come off Saturday afternoon. As she turned to go home a little later, she found the new teacher at her side.

'Well, my dear, you seem to be wearing a very smiling face. I think you must be happy over something.'

Short Rules for Long Comforts

Forget little annoyances.

When good comes to any one, rejoice.

Always speak kindly and politely to servants.

When anyone suffers speak a word of sympathy.

Tell neither of your own faults nor those of others.

Have a place for everything, and everything in its place.

Hide your own troubles, help others out of theirs.

Look for beauty in everything, and take a cheerful view of every event.

Carefully clean the dust and mud from your feet on entering the house.

Never interrupt any conversations, but watch patiently your turn to speak.

When inclined to give an angry answer press your lips together and say the alphabet.

When pained by an unkind word or deed ask yourself: 'Have I never done an ill and deserved forgiveness?'—'Soldier and Servant.'

When I Read the Bible Through.

I supposed I knew my Bible,
  Reading piecemeal, hit or miss,
Now a bit of John or Matthew,
  Now a bit of Genesis,
Certain chapters of Isaiah,
  Certain Psalms (the twenty-third!),
Twelth of Romans, First of Proverbs—
  Yes, I thought I knew the Word!
But I found that thorough reading
  Was a different thing to do,
And the way was unfamiliar
  When I read the Bible through.

O the massive, mighty volume!
  O the treasures manifold!
O the beauty and the wisdom
  And the grace it proved to hold!
As the story of the Hebrews
  Swept in majesty along,
As it leaped in waves prophetic,
  As it burst to sacred song,
As it gleamed with Christly omens,
  The Old Testament was new,
Strong with cumulative power,
When I read the Bible through.

As, imperial Jeremiah,
  With his keen coruscant mind!
And the blunt old Nehemiah,
  And Ezekiel refined!
Newly came the Minor Prophets,
  Each with his distinctive robe;
Newly came the song idyllic,
  And the tragedy of Job;
Deuteronomy, the regal,
  To a towering mountain grew,
With its comrade peaks around it—
  When I read the Bible through.

What a radiant procession
  As the pages rise and fall!
James the sturdy, John the tender—
  O the myriad-minded Paul!
Vast apocalyptic glories
  Wheel and thunder, flash and flame,
While the Church Triumphant raises
  One incomparable Name.
Ah, the story of the Saviour
  Never glows supremely true
Till you read it whole and swiftly,
  Till you read the Bible through!

You who like to play at Bible,
  Dip and dabble, here and there,
Just before you kneel, aweary,
  And yawn through a hurried prayer,
You who treat the Crown of Writings
  As you treat no other book—
Just a paragraph disjointed,
  Just a crude, impatient look—
Try a worthier procedure,
  Try a broad and steady view;
You will kneel in very rapture,
When you read the Bible through!

—Amos R. Wells.

Man'el Hodge's Courtship.

A Professor and His Pupil.

(Mark Guy Pearse, in the 'Methodist Times.')

(Concluded.)

IV.

'Kitty, my darling, my darling' he whispered, 'you have been hurt. And now you mustn't talk, but keep quite still. I am here.'

Gently he lifted her head and made the pillows more comfortable, then set her tenderly back again, and he knew that almost at once she had sunk into a deep and healthy sleep. An hour later came the whisper again as Kitty stirred, 'Man'el, are you there?'

'Of course I am, my awn,' said he.

'I want to see you, Man'el,' whispered Kitty.

He rose and bent down to her for a moment. Then he sank on his knees, holding her hand in his own. 'Kitty, let us thank Him,' he whispered, with a choke in his voice. And again there was silence.

It was a day in May when Kitty was sufficiently recovered to sit out of doors. Everything was beautiful with the rich beauty of a day in which Spring seemed to melt into Summer, and each brought to each a perfect charm. The warmth of the sunshine was delicious. The blue sky, with trail of white fleecy clouds, arched a picture of hedgerows where the hawthorn bloomed and green fields, golden with buttercups, where the lambs frolicked and scampered. Clumps of trees stretched away to the haze of distant hills. The air was sweet with the breath of flowers and glad with the songs of birds. The lark was on high, and the cuckoos called to each other; the swallows were skimming the meadows and twittering about the eaves of the outbuildings.

Forth from the old farmhouse door came Man'el bringing a tray on which was set a glass of milk and two or three pieces of bread and butter which his own hand had cut, and beside it was set a bunch of roses from Mrs. Gundry's garden—the roses which had always been Kitty's special care.

Man'el set a cushion behind Kitty's head, and then put the tray on her lap.

'Oh, Man'el, sighed Kitty—the sigh of a soul filled with satisfaction—'you do know how to make anybody comfortable.'

What Man'el might have said was interrupted. He had become quite quick in his replies and seemed always ready to say the right thing and to say it in the prettiest way, Kitty thought, but at that moment Zacchy came in at the garden gate.

He drew himself up with the pride of a professor who takes to himself the credit of a pupil's success. 'Man'el, I told 'ee so, didn't I?—Love do smarten up a man like summer do smarten up a garden-bed.'

''Tis wonderful true,' said Man'el, his face aglow and his big brown hand holding the thin white hand of Kitty.

'Iss,' said Zacchy, 'I told 'ee so. Can 'ee mind my words? A proper woman do make a man so beautiful as the south wind and sunshine do make the hedgerow and the thornbush.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

A Domestic Tragedy.

(By Lucy Fitch Perkins, in 'Congregationalist').

My doll, my doll, my Annabel!
She's really feeling far from well—
Her wig is gone, her eyes are out,
Her legs were left somewhere about,
Her arms were stolen by the pup,
The hens ate all her sawdust up;
So all that's really left of her
Is just her clothes and character!

Trix and Nix.

(By Isla May Mullins, in 'Youth's Companion.')

While mama, papa, grandma and Trix were at breakfast one morning there was a sudden tap, tap at the outside door of the dining-room, which opened on a portico.

'Trix, see who it is,' said mama; and when he went to the door, there stood a little Scotch terrier with bright, knowing eyes, ears erect, with a fringe standing out round them, and a brisk, stubby tail. He was saying 'Good morning!' just as well as he could.

Trix was so astonished he could not say a word for a minute; then:

'O mama, mama, it's a dear, nice doggy!'

'Well, drive him away,' said mama, 'for he belongs to somebody, you know.'

Just then Bridget came in, and seeing the dog, said, 'Sure, ma'am, and that dog have worrit the life out o' me these two days. I have drove him from the kitchen duer twinty times the day.'

'O mama,' said Trix, 'he doesn't belong to anybody, then, and he wants to stay with us, you can see he does.'

There was not much doubt about that, but the trouble was, the feeling was far from being mutual.

The little terrier stood, eager, doubtful, beseeching, waiting his fate, which he knew hung in the balance.

Then grandma said, quietly, 'I think he is 'a stranger at the door, and needs refreshment,' gathering up a plateful of scraps and going to the door with them.

Somehow that seemed to settle it, and with a look of relief papa said, 'No doubt he will find his home, or his owner find him, in a few days.'

Trix was almost as happy as if it were Christmas, and the dog seemed equally so.

'What is your name, dear doggy?' said Trix, over and over, but he answered nothing, so papa said he guessed they would have to call him 'Nix,' and he thought Trix and Nix would make a good team.

About ten o'clock, as the two played together on the porch, the postman's whistle suddenly sounded, and Nix fairly flew round the corner of the house to the front. Then, almost before Trix could wonder why, he bounded back and laid a little pile of letters at his feet. At the same minute the postman was ringing the front door-bell furiously, and soon was telling mama how her dog had seized the letters from his hand.

Then mama had to explain all about Nix, and the postman said he probably came from the country, and had been in the habit of taking letters from the rural free delivery postman. He knew a dog that did it regularly. Sure enough, when the whistle sounded next day he rushed to the front again, and this time the postman had ready just the letters which belonged there.

One Friday morning, a week from the day when he first appeared to Bridget, mama stood at the window about five o'clock, for it had been a very warm night and she had not rested well. She was just in time to see a market-waggon

coming down the street, and as it came opposite the house, Nix suddenly bounded into the street and raced round the waggon, wild with joy. Then the man took him up beside him, looking fully as happy as the dog.

Mama exclaimed softly to herself, 'He has found his owner!' and she felt sorrowful to see him go, and dismayed when she thought of Trix and his grief.

'Well, I guess he did not care much for us, and we must try not to regret him too much,' she said.

But the waggon only went a few rods when Nix bounded down and came up the walk again, stood a minute, first looking at the house, then at the waggon; but there was a clear whistle from the man, and he rushed off again.

So mamma was able to tell Trix that the doggy certainly did love them, and was sorry to go.

Then another Friday morning came round, and as mama opened the outside dining-room door, there lay on the floor a little paper bag. 'I wonder what this is,' she said, and when she peeped in there was a beautiful peach, and a scrap of paper with this written on it in a scrawling hand:

'From a grateful dog.'

After that, throughout all the summer market season, there was on Friday mornings a little paper bag at the dining-room door, with a peach or pear, grapes, tomatoes or something, and you may be sure Trix never forgot to look for it.

One morning mama had him up at five o'clock and out in front ready to see Nix when he came, and there was the happiest meeting you ever saw, which the marketman enjoyed, too, and finally Trix was taken upon the waggon with them, and rode two squares down the street and back.

I think Nix actually thought Trix was going with them for good, and when the marketman put the little boy down at his own door, he did stand for a minute and look first at the waggon, then at the house; but mama said, 'Come, my son,' and he came at that dear call, just as he should, back into the house, which certainly could not do without him.

Wanted, A Twin.

(By Hannah G. Fernald, in 'Youth's Companion.')

If any little boy who reads is five
years old to-day,
And likes to look at picture-books,
and dearly loves to play,
And doesn't care to sit on chairs,
but much prefers the floor,
And measures just as high as me
upon our kitchen door,
And isn't frightened in the dark,
but feels a little queer—
As if he'd like to cuddle up to some
one very near—
And means to be a soldier just the
minute he's a man,
To fight with bears and Indians—
and pirates, if he can—
If there's a boy like that I wish
that he would please begin
Right now to pack his toys, and
come to be my little twin!

Canned Flowers.

Ethel's aunt was canning strawberries. Ethel liked to watch her, and to think how nice the berries would taste next winter, when the snow was on the ground. She looked out of the window at the flowers, and said: 'I wish we could can some of the flowers, auntie, and have them next winter.'

Auntie laughed, and said: 'Go outdoors and watch the bees a while, and then come back and tell me what you think about it.'

When Ethel came back she said: 'I watched the bees a long time. They went to the flowers to get their honey. I think that honey is canned flowers. I will remember that next winter, when I eat the honey.'—Primary Plans.

An Indian Legend.

An Indian story that has been handed down and is still believed by many Indian tribes is one about the transformation of leaves into birds. Long years ago, when the world was young, the Great Spirit went about the earth making it beautiful. Wherever his feet touched the ground lovely trees and flowers sprang up. All summer the trees wore their short green dresses. The leaves were very happy and they sang their sweet songs to the breeze as it passed them. One day the wind told them the time would soon come when they would have to fall from the trees and die. This made the leaves feel very bad, but they tried to be bright and do the best they could, so as not to make the mother trees unhappy. But at last the time came and they let go of the twigs and branches and fluttered to the ground. They lay perfectly quiet, not able to move except as the wind would lift them.

The Great Spirit saw them and thought they were so lovely that he did not want to see them die, but live and be beautiful forever, so he gave to each bright leaf a pair of wings and power to fly. Then he called them his 'birds.' From the red and brown leaves of the oak came the robins, and yellow birds from the yellow willow leaves, and from bright maple leaves he made red birds; the brown leaves became wrens, sparrows and other brown birds. This is why the birds love the trees and always go to them to build their nests and look for food and shade.—'Kansas City Journal.'

Making Brightness.

Just a drop of water—
Not too much you know—
Now the brush wet lightly,
Then to paints we go.
Now the fun is coming—
Steady, little hand!
Here we have the yellow;
Put that on the sand.
Now the blue for water;
Yes, and for the sky;
Then the green for woodland,
Now the grass we try.
Who cares if it's rainy?
What if winds do blow,
When we have a paint box,
And can make things grow!
Bright and gay with color,
Changing gray to blue,
I think making brightness
Is lovely work; don't you?
—'Minneapolis Children's Tribune.'

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LESSON X.—DECEMBER 3, 1905.

Nehemiah Rebuilds the Walls of Jerusalem.

Neh. iv., 7-20.

Golden Text.

Watch and pray.—Matt. xxvi., 41.

Home Readings.

Monday, November 27.—Neh. iv., 1-12.
Tuesday, November 28.—Neh. iv., 13-23.
Wednesday, November 29.—Neh. vi., 1-9.
Thursday, November 30.—Neh. vi., 6, 10-19.
Friday, December 1.—Ezra iv., 1-10.
Saturday, December 2.—Ezra iv., 11-24.
Sunday, December 3.—Ezra vi., 1-14.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

'Kings do not like the sight of unhappy faces.' It is a discount upon their ability to confer happiness. Napoleon III. would not see Abd-el-Kader until it should be in his power to grant his request, and thus change his countenance. Louis XIV. 'finest actor of royalty,' wanted every face to shine and be wreathed in smiles when he appeared. It is a wonder that Nehemiah did not go to the dungeon or scaffold for marring the royal banquet with his lachrymose visage. But in answer to prayer, the king's heart was that moment in the Lord's hand like a brook of water. He turned it whither He would.

It is probable, too, that in answer to prayer, Esther was the queen who sat beside the king and aided her fellow-countrymen with her persuasive influence. In the crisis, Nehemiah had recourse once more to prayer, that trusty weapon he had used daily for four months. He breathed an inaudible, momentary prayer.

The sequel is well known—the king's favorable disposition; the letters to the pashas beyond the river insuring safe conduct; the bodyguard of captains and horsemen; the order to the king's forester to honor Nehemiah's requisitions for timber; the successful journey and arrival; the moonlight ride of observance about the city, and, finally, the address which incited the Jews to rebuild the wall.

Never was a great national enterprise undertaken under more unfavorable circumstances. The laborers were few, comparatively, and inexperienced; enemies many and exceedingly crafty; instead of a clean site, a heap of rubbish; conspiracy within the city, and threatening advances of the enemy.

But the genius and zeal of Nehemiah were more than a match for even such a combination of adverse affairs. Such organizing and administrative ability as he displayed has never been surpassed. He fairly hypnotized the people—every body was enlisted. They worked as families and guilds. There was a good-natured rivalry. Thoroughly armed, they stood ready to repel incursions. Whether they worked or mounted guard, their families stood in groups behind them, and in the temple, so that they had a constant object lesson to remind them that the work in which they were engaged was for God and home and native land.

In the incredibly short space of fifty-two days the work was done. Happy Nehemiah! as on the night of the fifty-second day he closed and barred the city gate. What joy to know that the temple, built with twenty-one years of toil and sacrifice, was now, with all its priceless contents, after seventy years of exposure, safe from Bedouin incursion and the touch of sacrilegious and plundering hands!

Thus terminated a task which, in its magnitude, difficulty, and importance, stands next to the building of the temple itself.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

A sad face and its effect.
A providential conjunction.
A fair-minded king, an interested queen, a discreet courtier.
The appeal and its sequel.
The rebuilding of the wall.
Inception, continuance, completion of the enterprise.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The utility of prayer has a remarkable exemplification in the Book of Nehemiah. The undertaking of rebuilding the wall was begun, continued, and consummated in prayer. Nehemiah prayed four months before he so much as mentioned his matter to the king. His silent prayer in the very presence of the king is artlessly described: 'So I prayed to the God of heaven.' He prayed as the work continued and enemies ridiculed and threatened.

The aggressive Christian must be ready to endure ridicule. Sanballat and Tobiah played a game of battledore and shuttlecock within earshot of the inexperienced builders. They bandied jokes at their expense. 'Ha, ha! how industrious! Will they finish the work in a day?' 'The weight of a fox is enough to break down such a wall as that.' Mockery is no new weapon. The Christian must just be impervious to it.

The advantage of thorough organization has a fine illustration in this book. 'The names and order of them that builded the wall.' Each family, order, and guild, from the high priest to the merchant, was given a specific portion to do. The laborers were armed and instructed.

The discretion of Nehemiah was masterful. On arrival at Jerusalem he did not handicap himself by a premature admission of the object of his coming. Unobserved, he made a personal inspection of the walls. No doubt he jotted down a memoranda of the workmen and materials required. He was forearmed against the assertion of impracticability. At the proper moment he set forth the disgrace and danger involved in the ruined state of the walls. So feasible did he make their reerection appear, that when in his fervor he cried, 'Come, and let us build up the walls of Jerusalem!' the people responded, 'Let us rise up and build!'

The loneliness of Nehemiah is pathetic. The importance of his proposition was not appreciated. Again there was a tinge of personal prejudice against him. He had been an affluent court favorite in Babylon, while the people to whom he came had been in the dust and danger of a defenceless city. The people resented his putting burdens upon them.

The page fairly bristles with suggestions to the social reformer of the present day. He must confront a unity of unbelievers and a disunion of believers. Critical words will pierce him deeper than enemies' spears. Traitors in camp are worse than foes afield. Inveterate apathy in face of unrighteous conditions is dispiriting to the last degree. The civic worker hears the plaintive, old-time refrain of 'strength decayed,' and 'we are not able.'

Yet never were motives for aggressive social endeavor more manifold and inspiring. Now is a time to 'remember the Lord and fight for your brethren and your homes.'

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, December 3.—Topic—Our one excuse. Rom. xiv., 1-12. (Consecration meeting).

St. Paul here irradiates a doctrine which is rapidly gaining ground in our day; viz., that in the final analysis the seat of authority in religion is not external, but internal. Every man is to be fully persuaded in his own mind, and so shape his conduct by his inner light. Judgment of another man's conscience is forbidden. No one has a right to condemn a servant whom his master approves. To his own master each standeth or falleth. The more imperative is it therefore that each be right with his Master, so that whether living or dying, we are His. Thus only we can give a happy account of ourselves to God. In the light of such teaching, the sin of putting a stumbling-block in the way of others is apparent.

Junior C. E. Topic.

A BOY AT WORK FOR GOD.

Monday, November 27.—A boy on an altar. Gen. xxii., 1-12.

Tuesday, November 28.—A boy sold for a slave. Gen. xxxvii., 23-28.

Wednesday, November 29.—A shepherd boy. I. Sam. xvi., 11, 12.

Thursday, November 30.—A boy king. II. Kings xxii., 1, 2.

Friday, December 1.—A boy in a palace. Ex. ii., 1-10.

Saturday, December 2.—A boy in a temple. II. Kings xi., 1-3.

Sunday, December 3.—Topic—A boy at work for God in his house. I. Sam. ii., 18, 26.

The Shepherd's Care.

How large a flock the Shepherd tends!
So large that he alone can count,
A multitude that never ends
Which he leads on from vale to mount;
And though the host be numberless
He does not fail one lamb to bless.

Out where the happy pastures grow,
And flashing streams their welcome sing.
Where softly falls the summer snow,
After the trees' sweet blossoming;
O'er luscious grass, through dewy meads,
There the good Shepherd gently leads.

Sometimes it seems it would be well
If he could keep his flock within
The meadow and the flowery dell,
Out of the haunts of war and sin;
They might be safe in such retreat,
But how to pass the dangerous street?

For where Christ's flocks are hurrying through,
Great traffic fills the noisy days,
And sin insults, and foes pursue,
But yet he leads them in safe ways;
Nor can they wander anywhere
Out of the clasp of his great care.

No noise shuts out the Shepherd's voice,
And each one hears it speak his name;
Then, comforted, he has no choice,
But, turning back from sin and shame,
Follows with swifter feet the call,
And trusts the Shepherd's care through all.

And I, though often I have strayed,
Come back to thee, O Shepherd true.
Weary, discouraged and afraid;
Thy love will yet my faith renew;
Thy fold has still an open door,
And still my Shepherd goes before.

—Marianne Farningham.

What Christianity is Worth.

Did you ever seriously ask yourself what Christianity is worth to you—to you, personally, whether you have openly numbered yourself among its followers or not? What is it worth to you to have been born in a land like this, with the education, the freedom, the hopes, the outlook which only that one thing had made possible? What has it been worth to you to be trained in a home where honor, integrity and a stainless name are counted above purchase? What have the teachings, the restraints, the sanctions of Christianity been worth to you in the formation of character, in the ideals of life it has given you, in the hopes which dimly or clearly reach to earth's boundary and beyond? What would you take in exchange for all these things, if by the barter every vestige of their influence must pass out of your life, your history, and your soul?

It is well for every one to take account of stock occasionally, and some quiet day, when you are counting up your possessions, ask yourself these questions, and see what answer they will bring. Then, when you have honestly set your value upon them, hold to it in word and deed. If the Church stands for the things you approve, support it; if there is a Word of God, consult it; if Christ is, indeed, the Lord, give Him your allegiance, and let no carping voices sway you.—The 'Wellspring.'

A Five-Act Tragedy.

Act the first: A young man starting off from home; parents and sisters weeping to have him go. Waggon rising over the hill. Farewell kiss flung back. 'Ring the bell and let the curtain fall.'

Act the second: The marriage altar. Music on the organ. Bright lights. Long white veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulations, and exclamations of 'How well she looks!'

Act the third: A woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck in the broken panes. Marks of hardship on her face. The biting of nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect, cruelty, and despair. 'Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.'

Act the fourth: Three graves in a dark place—grave of the child that died for lack of medicine, grave of the wife who died of a broken heart, grave of the man that died with dissipation. 'Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the fifth: A destroyed soul's eternity. No light. No hope. I close my eyes to this last act of the tragedy. 'Quick! quick! Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.'—Rev. Dr. Talmage.

Responsible? Who?

An eminent clergyman has said in a public address, wherein he defined drunkenness, 'the man who must have liquor every day, and whose nerves crave it, is a drunkard.'

We are unable to find any fallacy in this definition, while we, of course, realize that there are widely differing degrees and manifestations of drunkenness. The educated man, who, after his bottle of licensed wine, talks 'like a fool' is drunk, beyond all dispute; as absolutely drunk in fact as is the coarser brute who after his pint of licensed whisky amuses himself by beating his wife and children. Both belong in the same class, while it is possible that the former has less chance for apology for his condition than the second. Not improbable the educated man is likely, by his example, to debauch other men, especially young men, than is his comrade-drunkard of the lower social rank.

Two men in an evening each drink an equal quantity of licensed whisky. One becomes stupid and sodden, drops into a mudhed and sleeps off his debauch with no worse result than hunger and cold for his wife and children until he is able and willing to resume work. The other, different in temperament, becomes violent and, with no more intent than has any other insane man, kills his wife and children. The first man, when he has slept long enough, rouses himself, and finds charity and humanity ready to pity, feed and clothe him, and to rejoice if he gives the slightest evidence of penitence. The second man goes to the gallows, and very few pity him. But he loved his wife when sober.

The premeditation of each is identical, and is represented by an act that humanly is lawful. If sin against God and man is measured by intent, who shall say that the two men were not equally sinful, whatever human law and expediency may say? Reverently do we raise the question, 'What will be God's verdict?'

May God speed the day when a Christian people shall dare to face such problems as this!—'National Advocate.'

Alcohol and the Body.

The strong exception which, in some medical and other quarters, has been taken to Sir F. Treves' unfavorable testimony in regard to intoxicants, certainly has had one good result—that of leading Dr. Kelynack to publish a paper, addressed to the medical profession, on the use and abuse of alcohol. The doctor points out that the remarkable change in modern scientific opinion is evidenced by the fact that alcohol 'is now placed among the narcotics instead of among the stimulants.'

It has been well said that the physiologist is now able to demonstrate that even when taken in small quantities it interferes with the oxidation of the tissues, lowers the functional activity of many organs, impairs working power, and lessens the capacity for endurance. The pathologist can produce various disease processes by the action of alcoholic drinks. The bacteriologist has shown that alcohol lowers the powers of immunity and increases prediaposition to many infectious diseases. The psychologist has proved that even in moderate quantities it may slacken and derange mental action.

Surely upon such a scientific basis as this it is not to be wondered at that Sir F. Treves should have denounced it as a poison, and have said that the limitations on its use should be as strict as with arsenic, opium and strychnine.—London 'Christian.'

A Judge to a Saloon-Keeper.

A saloon-keeper in Kansas City was suing for divorce in the Circuit Court presided over by Judge Park. The wife of the saloon-keeper was in the state asylum for the insane at St. Joseph, taken there as the result of excessive indulgence in drink. Judge Park, in delivering his opinion, said:

'The salient facts of this case are that the husband sued the wife for divorce because of excessive intemperance. He married her when she was a mere girl and soon after their marriage, he went into the saloon business and is in it yet. His testimony was that his wife drank before he married her, and that she loved alcohol so well that she used it in her coffee. The testimony of the witnesses for the wife tends to show that the husband is not entitled to a divorce. He took this young and innocent girl from her father's home and made her his wife. If she was then addicted to drink he ought not to have been surprised at its development later. If she was not addicted to the excessive use of drink when he married her—and there is a strong testimony to show that she was not—then the fact that he is in the saloon business tends to show that he is responsible for her fall, and there is strong testimony to show that he is.

'When a man is engaged in the business of making drunkards it doesn't lie in his mouth to complain if the effects of that business come home to him. The divorce is refused and the bill dismissed.—'Life Line.'

Miss Deborah's Dream.

(Maggie Fearn, in the 'Alliance News.')

CHAPTER II.

AN ILLUMINED VISION.

'I woke, and found that life was duty.'

(Continued)

It was a fair Sabbath morning, and the minister was at his best, Miss Deborah sat in her customary seat, and listened to the sermon. It was a powerful one, dealing especially with the crying evils of the day; the social sins which darkened the land, and the duty of Christians to be definite in their actions and alert to the pressing needs of all those around them. Mr. Armstrong spoke particularly of the monopoly of the drink evil, and in no uncertain way pointed to the position which Christ's disciples were called upon to occupy. Miss Deborah sat and listened, and when the service was concluded she went quietly out, not waiting to exchange greetings with any. There were those who wondered what ailed her, and cast a curious puzzled glance of inquiry into her preoccupied face as she went quietly on her way. There was some indefinable difference about her, but none really could decide where and how it existed. The well-chosen gloves were as deftly fitted on her small hands as usual, and her dark abundant hair arranged with customary care. There was certainly nothing wrong about her dress, but that something had taken Miss Deborah everybody felt positive; but no one questioned her. In the afternoon she met her class at the ordinary hour, and the moment the girls entered the room and took their places they also knew that there was some change in Miss Deborah. The quick, alert, capable air that they associated with her had vanished, or, more correctly, was hidden under a new impressiveness that seemed to emanate from her to those around. Miss Deborah was one at all times to make her personality very strongly felt, and it was so in an unusual degree that afternoon. She went through the opening of the little service without any variation from her habitual method of conducting it; then before proceeding with the afternoon lesson she clasped her hands upon her closed Bible and calmly faced the girls who were quietly, and in some instances curiously, watching her. Miss Deborah was very pale, but absolutely composed.

'It is ten years to-day since I first took charge of this class,' she said, 'and many changes have occurred since then. There are only a few gathering with us now who met with us then, and every year fresh faces come among us, and others are missed. It is not always possible to know where our old members go; but when I sit and think of my old girls I often find myself wondering which road they are travelling—the broad or the narrow; and the thought makes one full of awe and prayerfulness.

'Before I ask you to look at the lesson chosen for our study this afternoon, I have some unusual words to speak to you, words that yesterday I should not have thought of speaking, but which to-day are the greatest duty I can see confronting me. Last night I had a dream, and though I know it was only a dream, yet nothing that I have ever passed through in actual life was more intensely real, more full of meaning. It was a revelation from God, a putting aside of the veil that had hidden the true, and the right, and the good. Listen, and I will tell you.'

Then, with graphic words, she drew for them the picture of her night vision, not repeating the words which in her dream she had seemed to hear the girls speak in their passioned soliloquy, but not repressing the manner in which they had one and all received her farewell words, written with such love and longing, and letting them feel the throbbings of her own stirred heart through all.

The room was very still; not a sound broke the steady rise and fall of Miss Deborah's low voice, not a leaf of one of the open Bible rustled, not a movement of one restless hand or foot ruffled the brooding quiet that wrapped around like a garment. On and on flowed Miss Deborah's voice; the cadences ever soft and winning, yet in them the searching sorrowful intonations of remorse and self-reproach. And gradually as she went on one head and then another drooped, and a tide of emotion swept over the whole class.

(To be continued.)

'One of the Grandest.'

(From the 'Northern Daily Telegraph,' July 3.)

The Mayor of Salford, speaking at a great Temperance parade on Saturday, said 'the Temperance cause was often derided, but it was one of the grandest missions to which one could put hand and heart.' It is one of the grandest, and it is one of the most urgent. Long ago, in another part of Lancashire, the late Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, said that drunkenness was the only enemy England had to fear. The Mayor of Salford on Saturday put it differently, but with equal accuracy, when he said that 'England need fear no foreign foe so long as her people were faithful to themselves, so long as she had a sober, righteous, and manly race of brave and God-fearing men and women.' He added that 'our danger was that we should forget ourselves and become easy-going and indifferent to the virtues that made and kept men strong—that we should substitute for clean living self-indulgence, and for hard and honest work misery and greed.' These words are wise and timely. The love of pleasure is mastering men and women. The chief business in life seems to be the rush for play, and Sunday threatens to become the pleasure day of the week.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Nov. it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Correspondence

OUR BIRTHDAY BOOK.

NOVEMBER.

I will fear no evil for thou art with me.—Ps. xxiii. ,4.

1.
Cecil MacCarie, May Thomson.

3.
Katie McD., Florence N. Barton, Johnnie J. Marshall.

4.
Lula MacNaught.

5.
Bernard Waterford, Bernard S. C.

6.
Myrtle Chapelle.

7.
Winifred Kime.

9.
Effie B., N .L. Wittit, Bessie M. Willet.

10.
S. Elsie Paul.

12.
Ruth Anna McElrow.

14.
Jennie E. Beattie, James N. Clarke.

15.
Hazel Brown, Bessie Alexander.

16.
Harold McM. (14), Beatrice Gerrow (15).

19.
Pearl M. King, Lois Victoria Porter, Josephine Cunningham.

20.
J. G. R., Hazel Brown.

21.
Lettie Allen.

22.
Miles W. Tait.

23.
Lizzie B. Tail.

25.
Mary I. Duncan.

27.
Alfred Barbour.

28.
Ray Barbour.

30.
Sophie G. Barbour, Jemima Fingland.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Coronet.' Gorden C. Atkinson, U.B., N. S.
2. 'Sabots.' Myrtle Janny, L., Ont.
3. 'Wild Rose.' Fernie Franklin, E. Ont.
4. 'Hunting on Snowshoes.' Nelson Taylor (11), R. M., Ont.
5. 'Sons of the Empire.' Stanley Franklin, P., Q.
6. 'Butterfly.' Addie Gertrude (8).
7. 'Horse,' Keneth P., (16), S.J., Nfld.
8. 'The last rose of Summer.' Hattie Hill, (13), L., Ont.

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven years old. My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and my mamma reads me the stories. I have two sisters and one brother. We have no snow yet, but it is very cold. I was at the fair this fall, and there were 4,000 people there. I go to school and am left handed.

FREDDIE C.

O.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for a good many years. I like it the best of any paper we take. My father keeps the post office, and every Thursday night I sit up till he comes to get the 'Messenger.' As soon as I get it I turn to the correspondence page very quickly. I am in the third reader.

HAZEL BATES.

R.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old, and go to school. I am in the fourth reader. I have a flock of Buff Orpington hens, which I care for myself. I have just one sister, and her name is Hazel. My father keeps the store and post office here. I have for pets a dog and two cats. I wonder if any of the 'Messenger' readers can answer the question, what was Samson's riddle and the answer?

H. EVERTTS LATIMER.

N. W. H.

Dear Editor,—I live with my grandmother, and she takes the 'Messenger.' I like to read the 'Messenger' very much, especially the 'Little Folks's' page, and the page for 'Boys and Girls.' I live near the harbor, and we have a large view of the ocean steamers and vessels as they go along to Halifax or Yarmouth. This is a very pretty place in summer.

FLORA E. McL.

M., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have written to the 'Messenger' before. I live in M. It is a very bright village. It has two large bridges and many smaller ones. There is a large river running through M. called the Liverpool or Mersey. There are many mills in M. also two electric light houses. There are also two school buildings. A train goes through M. called the 'Mersey.' It is quite a small one. It starts at the pulp mill, runs through M., and stops at a small station in Liverpool.

MAGGIE WALKER.

G. L.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am eight years old. We came from Ontario, the township of Markham, three years ago. We were eleven days coming up. It was the spring of the big rain in the Northwest. We live on a farm about half a mile from the post office, and the same from school. We have a nice school house, and a good lady teacher. I go to school every day. I am in the second reader. I have no sisters or brothers. For pets I have a kitten, a dog, and a colt. My colt's name is Bessie, and I have five dolls, all presents. I like reading the 'Messenger.'

The Romance of a Picture.

There has just come to light in Bristol, Eng., an interesting romance of a picture. For some years there has been hanging in the Bristol Young Men's Christian Association a picture entitled 'the Holy Family.' The owner lent it for a long time, and once proposed that the Association should buy it. He did not wish to drive a hard bargain. The picture was obviously a good one; it was six feet by four and a half feet. Would the committee like to buy it for $50?

'If you would,' he said, 'I am so much in sympathy with your excellent work that I am willing to contribute $25 myself towards the purchase money.'

But the committee felt that they had more important demands for their $25 bills, and they replied accordingly. By-and-bye the owner died and the executors began to realize his estate. The picture was looked up and the work was ordered to be packed and sent to London for sale. Judge the satisfaction of the executors when they received an offer of $35,000 for it, and were advised not to sell under $50,000. Experts have identified the picture as from the brush of Pietro de Cortona, the great Italian painter of the early seventeenth century.—Selected.

What Small Things May Do.

The smallest crust may save a human life;
The smallest act may lead to human strife;
The smallest touch may cause the body pain;
The smallest spark may fire a field of grain;
The smallest deed may tell the truly brave;
The smallest skill may serve a life to save;
The smallest drop the thirsty may relieve;
The slightest shock may make a heart to grieve.
Naught is so small that it may not contain
The rose of pleasure or the thorn of pain.
—Selected.

What Constitutes Bravery?

A phrenologist, examining the head of the Duke of Wellington, said: 'Your grace has not the organ of animal courage fully developed.'

'You are right,' replied the great man; 'and but for my sense of duty I should have retreated in my first fight.'

The Duke of Wellington saw a soldier turn pale as he marched up to a battery. 'That is a brave man,' said he; 'he knows the danger, and faces it.'—Australian 'Christian World.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

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HOUSEHOLD.

The Drowsyland Express.

(H. R. Green, in the 'North-Western Christian Advocate.')

'Tis mother-love that like a star
Lights all the way outspread,
And mother's lap is the Pullman car
That rests the weary head.
Across the golden bridge of prayer
The crooning engine flies,
While from the swift-revolving wheels
Rise tender lullabies.
So it's O, my sweet,
Of the tired feet
And the tangled, tawny tress
It's off and away
At the close of day
On the Drowsyland Express!

The Farmer Boy's Inheritance

The average farmer boy seems born into the world merely to help his father, with no past, no future, no change—except the change of a season and a few dimes in a box. Early and late he may be seen working alongside of the hired men, who become his tutors in language, manners, ambitiously to do the tasks they do. When he comes in at night there are the chores, leaving no time, strength nor desire to play, such as every boy should have.

But he glows with pride when at the supper table, before his mother, the 'hands,' and the rest of the children, his father tells how much Tommy did that day, and how he is almost as much help as a man. Result: he resolves to do still more to-morrow, and waits just long enough to doctor his latest stone-bruise before going to bed, where, in spite of growing pains and aching muscles, he falls asleep as soon as his head touches the pillow.

There are few vacations in Tommy's life, except Sundays and Fourths of July, and, though he never heard the word 'monotony,' he realizes its meaning and begins to turn his eyes toward the nearest town, where he thinks every day is Fourth of July. With a heart full of awe and envy, he gazes at the far-off, misty spires, little dreaming that there is toil and privation beneath them, too, not knowing how bitterly cold it may be in full view of chandeliers and grates. Soon, alas! the city becomes his heart's Mecca, and the story is quickly told.

To be sure, there is the district school, where he must spend the winter days, for the reason, he thinks, that there are no chores to be done in winter time. The teaching is frequently dull and poor; the sudden change from overwork to listless idling on a hard bench is always too great a change for Tommy, and to get even with the world and to amuse himself he sets about making the life of the teacher a burden—and succeeds.

Such are the dangerous conditions that too often surround our farmer boys, stunting their growth, dwarfing their minds, perverting their ambitions, and ruining their morals. God help the farmer who thinks more of his stock and crops than the growing manhood at his own elbow!

But they need not be such. The remedy lies in his own hand. Let the boy work, but only so many hours a day. Let him have the entire responsibility of a plot of ground or a part of the stock, allowing him the greater part of the earnings therefrom. He deserves some compensation for his labor, and a little money of his own will make him feel that farm work pays. Then without the constant temptations to spend that surround the town boy, his pile will grow, teaching thrift in a wordless but most emphatic way.

But let him have ideas besides those of money-getting. Give him practical lessons in horticulture and the raising of small fruits. He could start a vineyard or a strawberry patch of his own; he might try bee-keeping or have a few sheep to care for and pet. Whatever his work, he must have some current literature if he would grow up with a larger horizon than the area of the farm.

Few and poor indeed are the homes to-day that have no papers, but often they are papers that do not appeal to a boy or are not fit for him to read.

See to it that he is not 'devouring husks which the swine [human swine] do eat,' when there is plenty of whole-wheat bread to be had for a song. Last, but not least, open his eyes to the beauty about him, and the unlimited possibilities for more beauty on the farm. He will delight in laying out and keeping up the paths and roadway if he is taught how and once sees the result of such labor.

Once a little girl heard a visitor exclaim, pointing to a tree in the meadow, that the child had 'seen without seeing' all her life, 'What a picture tree it is!' Long she pondered the queer sentence until its meaning dawned on her, and she began looking for picture trees and hills and meadows on every side.

When boys are not overworked, when they are taught to appreciate their homes and to make companions of their books if there are no others, when their ambitions have some outlet and they have their interest in the interest of the farm, then and then only will the cities

MUST READ THE NEWS

STUDENTS OF NORTH-WESTERN UNIVERSITY, CHICAGO, EXPECTED TO FOLLOW CURRENT EVENTS.

Chicago newspapers have been ranked as a text book at North-western University, and hereafter students in the American history class of Prof. J. A. James must come to the recitation rooms prepared to answer questions on the news of the day. In the course of his lectures, Prof. James referred to an article which appeared in a morning paper. Upon questioning one of the members of the class he found that the student was not prepared to discuss current news, and an examination of the class showed that but two of the members had read a morning paper.

'This will never do,' said the professor. 'Hereafter I shall expect you to have an accurate knowledge of current events as chronicled each day in the newspapers, and I shall consider it fully as important as the daily lessons assigned from the text books.'

Readers of the "Witness" and "World Wide" should be exceedingly well qualified to "discuss current news."

The intention of both papers is to inform clearly—not to exaggerate horrors or create sensations.

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cease to attract, and the farmer boy inherit his full and high estate.—Lee McCrae, in 'Home and Flowers.'

The Air we Breathe.

The air we breathe should always be of the best. Pure air is of the greatest importance to the body—the blood wants it, the tissues demand it and life cannot go on without it. Pure air oxygenates or purifies the blood, burns up waste matter, allows the heat of the body to be kept up, and keep going all our vital organs. Bad air means low vitality, retention of waste in the system, with consequent disease and early death. Impure air is the cause of all our diseases of the respiratory organs, such as coughs, colds, influenza, sore throats, enlarged or inflamed tonsils, loss of voice, catarrh, pleurisy, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, and even consumption itself. Be careful, therefore, to always breathe pure air; have your sitting-room and your bedroom windows open day and night, in all seasons and in all weathers, about two inches. The absence from colds, coughs, etc., that you will notice in yourselves, is an experience once gained that will never be forgotten. Recollect that you spend a third of your lives in your bedrooms, and if you breathe bad air that it shortens life and causes disease. Always insist on pure air, and be sure you get the best you can. Do not be afraid of draughts. As one of the greatest authorities on hygiene remarks:—'Draughts are not injurious unless we are in a glow. To healthy persons they cannot possibly do so much harm as the stagnant air in a close room. The fear of draughts is entirely groundless, though it affects most people in a manner which is simply ludicrous.' It is high time to acquit draughts of the charge of being the cause of colds, and to convict the true culprit, the injurious hothouse atmosphere in our rooms. Why do people on river excursions on ocean steamers, where they are exposed to terrible draughts, never 'catch cold'? Simply because their skins are not previously broiled in hothouses.—'Forward.'

Bear With the Little Ones.

Children are undoubtedly very troublesome at times in asking questions, and should, without doubt, be taught not to interrupt conversation in company. But, this resolution being made, we question the policy of withholding an answer at any time from the active mind which must find so many unexplained daily and hourly mysteries. They who have either learned to solve these mysteries, or have become indifferent as to an explanation, are not apt to look compassionately enough upon this eager restlessness on the part of children to penetrate causes and trace effects. By giving due attention to these 'troublesome questions,' children's truest education may be carried on. Have a little patience then, and sometimes think how welcome to you would be a translator if you were suddenly dropped into some foreign country, where the language was for the most part unintelligible to you, and you were bursting with curiosity about every strange object that met your eye.—'The American Mother.'

The Prevention of Pneumonia

Pneumonia is a germ disease, due to the poison elaborated by a special micro-organism; but a knowledge of this fact helps little in avoiding the disease, for the reason that the germ of the disease is almost always present in the body—especially in the mouth, throat and nose. The question, then, is one, not of avoiding the germ, but of preventing its growth.

Normally, the tissues do not offer a suitable soil for its development, and it is only when they have been changed in some way that rapid growth can take place. This change may be effected in a number of ways—by catching cold, by the loss of sleep, by living and especially sleeping in badly ventilated rooms, by the abuse of alcoholic drinks, by habitual overeating, by worry, in fact, by any of the agents, physical or mental, which depress the vital powers.

The prevention of pneumonia consists in living according to the laws of a rational hygiene—pure air and deep breathing; plenty of water internally and externally; plain food in moderate quantity; abstinence from alcohol; plenty of sleep; bedroom windows open all night, and, finally, the cultivation of a poised and unirritable spirit.—'Youth's Companion.'

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A new lamp wick should be soaked in vinegar. If this is done there will be neither smell nor smoke, and a much brighter light will be given.

Do not scrape a frying pan, as it is liable afterward to burn. Instead rub well with a hard crust of bread and wash in hot water.

Iron and polished steel, when not in use, may be kept from rusting by wiping with a cloth on which a little kerosene has been poured.

If the cover of a fruit jar sticks do not attempt to wrench it off; simply invert the jar and place the top in hot water for a minute. Then try it and you will find it turns easily.

Do not throw old incandescent mantles away. They make a splendid polish for silver. Put a little on a soft duster, and rub on the article to be cleaned. It will polish beautifully without scratching, or marking the silver.

What is a 'Lady?'

The question, 'What constitutes a true lady?' is discussed by Mrs. R. Neish in a contemporary. 'No woman is a true lady,' she writes, 'who is a snob—neither one who apes her betters, nor she who despises those beneath her, and boasts of her rich or titled friends, or keeps her humbler acquaintance in the background, or from your knowledge altogether. No woman who does these things, be she great or small in society's eyes, is really and truly a lady at heart. A true lady should be a "gentlewoman." Gentle and womanly, pure and fearless. I can pick her out from among the best of women I love—a woman before whom men of all and every class instinctively remove their headgear, and to whom they speak with defence and courtesy.'

Selected Recipes.

Apple Cheese Cake.—Pare, core, quarter and cook sufficient apples to make one-half pound. Add to this ¼ lb. each of melted butter and powdered sugar, the yolks of four eggs, and the well-whipped whites of two, and the grated yellow rind and juice of one lemon. Stir the mixture well. Line some patty pans with puff paste, fill with the mixture, and bake in a quick oven. Cover with a meringue made with the whites of two eggs, and two tablespoonfuls powdered sugar, and let get a pale straw color in a slow oven. Just before serving put one teaspoon red currant jelly in the centre of each, and on top of this a halved English walnut meat.

Stuffed Apples.—Selected large, smooth apples. Pare them, cut out the cores, but do not make the hole run entirely through the apple. Take some cold cooked chicken and chop it fine. To each ½ lb. chicken allow one table spoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon salt, a little pepper and one cup bread crumbs. Mix thoroughly and fill the apples. Put a bit of butter on each and bake in a quick oven until the apples are perfectly tender.

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Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

1846 — SIXTY YEARS — 1906

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